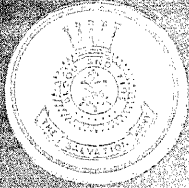


WARREN

Christmas Number

1949



TORONTO SATURDAY DECEMBER 24 1949

The Flight Into Egypt



"For God so loved the world
that He gave His only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth
in Him should not perish, but
have everlasting life."

John 3:16

HEAVEN'S BEST . . . FOR EARTH'S WORST

GOD loved the world of sinners
lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the Blood.

Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

Mrs. Stockton.

GOD'S SUPREME GIFT TO MAN

WHAT a wonderful picture is presented by the story of the first Christmas! The Babe in the manger of Bethlehem, heralded by the angelic host and worshipped by shepherds from the fields and wise men from the East, in the mellowing light of history, assumes a combination of the human and the super-human that charms the mind and captivates the heart.

The thought that God willed to make Himself manifest to man at all is sufficiently arresting. But His choice to do this as He did adds greatly to the power of His coming.

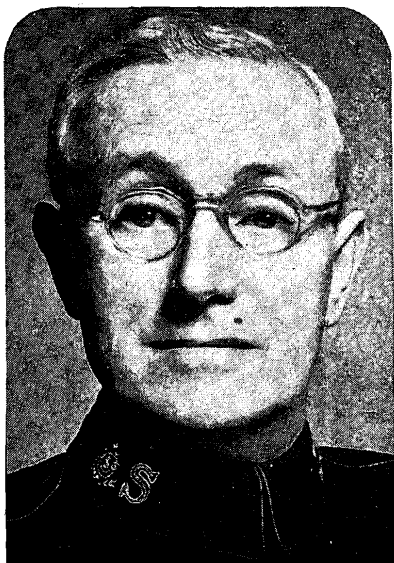
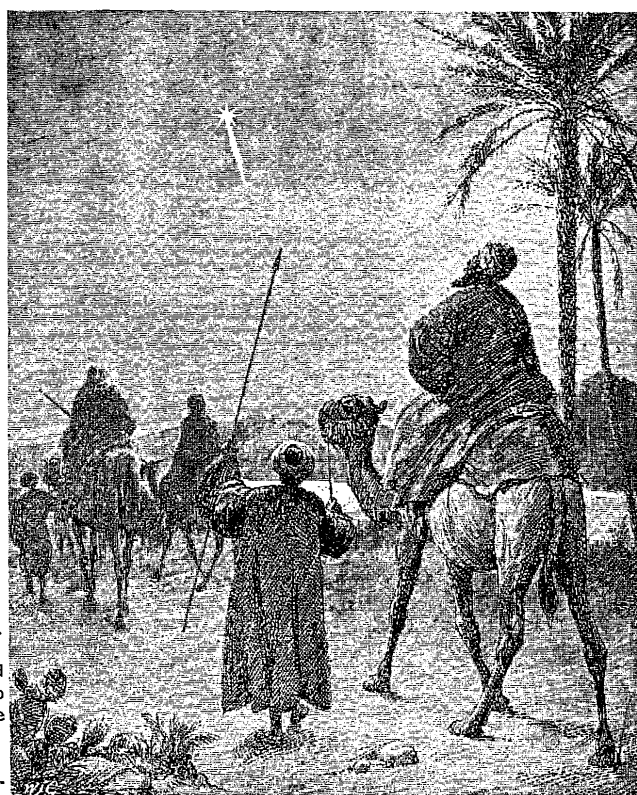
Since He willed to come, He might have chosen other ways. He might

A Christmas Message

By

THE TERRITORIAL
COMMANDER
COMMISSIONER
CHAS. BAUGH

Wise men hastened
from afar to do
homage to the
Christ-Child.



Commissioner C. Baugh

have come, for instance, in the maturity of manhood, fully equipped in spirit, mind and body, ready for His wondrous task—a victor before His work was commenced. But He came the way that we come, confronted the world on our level, accepted the vicissitudes and chances, from infancy onward, common to all men. With the mature and practical experience of one who had confronted life and the world and conquered them, He was able later to speak words of assurance and comfort: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." (John 16:33). Facing the problems and mysteries of life, from the dawning of consciousness along the formative years of adolescence, through the difficult "teen years" right onward into maturity, the Saviour trod the universal pathway of mortal man right from the cradle to the grave. Although the journey of His life was a short one, there were no short cuts in it. All the



Mrs. Commissioner Baugh

physical, mental and spiritual problems that confronted men in His day, and that are in essence the same in every day, were confronted by Him in His journey through life, and the first Christmas day was the commencement of that journey.

The picture shows planning and design on the part of the Master Mind, blended with the highest degree of human simplicity and completeness. He had been promised to God's chosen race, with all the lineal and local detail that would appeal to the mind of a people cradled in genealogy and folklore. He was to be a son of David, to be born in the City of David in Judea.

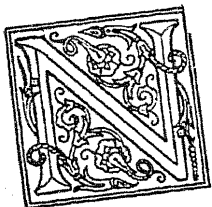
All this was wondrously fulfilled. Yet behind it all was the fact of early life spent in Nazareth of Galilee, which brought Him right down to the level of the humblest and most despised.

The mother of Jesus, though a daughter of Judah, is found in Nazareth. The edict of Herod calling upon men to be taxed, the long journey to Bethlehem, the crowded inn and the welcoming manger—all these apparently accidental or coincidental circumstances combine to assure the fulfilment of prophecy and to mark out this helpless babe as the One who should save His people from their sins. Could God give more practical demonstration of His love for mankind or His will that man should be brought back to the Father?

There is yet another angle to the supreme gesture of God to man. God's appeal is to the highest and best of which man is capable. While a helpless babe makes superficial appeal to the most depraved and debauched of mankind, the full and complete picture of the birth of Christ is revealed only to men of perception, discrimination, and some degree of artistic imagination; in other words, to men who have given, or will give, rein to the best instincts and impulses of which they as men are capable. To think of God at all is ennobling, elevating. To think of Him coming to mankind in such a setting as that provided by the circumstances that sur-

(Continued on page 30)

The Christmas Story



OW when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.

When Herod the king had heard these things he was troubled; and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea; for thus it is written by the prophet; And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young Child; and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young Child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him.

When he arose, he took the young Child and His mother by night and departed into Egypt: And was there until the death of Herod, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called My Son.

Matthew 2:1-15.

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During the past year the Army's International Leaders, General and Mrs. A. Orsborn, have campaigned in many countries where the world-wide organization is at work. The scene shows the leaders (at left), while on a tour of Eastern lands, joining in a devotional meeting attended by adults and young folk in an Army Institution.



LOVE CAME DOWN



THAT "LOVE CAME DOWN AT CHRISTMAS" is a great truth in simple and charming words, which no devout Christian would doubt. We accept it, and our hearts rejoice in it. We sing about it, and in such praise and worship we enjoy moments of sublimity.

To the theologian the coming of Christ, the Son of God, in human form is the Incarnation; a profound subject, discussed and expounded by the most learned men in church history. It is to be expected that the student would ponder this outstanding fact among the great imponderables, "Why did God become man?"

The resultant literature is vast, and the hymns of the Advent and the Adoration enshrine immense treasures of faith and praise. So long as the race of men endures, wise men will visit in spirit the Bethlehem inn, and tell the world their findings.

Other religions have their traditions of the gods coming down among men, but these are mythical and insubstantial. The coming of Jesus, as and when and where He came, is a fact that relates itself to other facts, and is in a clear and direct line of Divine purpose. The Manger and the Cross are on the same road. Without the sublime truth of "The Heavenly Babe" we cannot have the saving truth of the Divine Redeemer. The fact that Christ came down to save us remains unassailable, as centuries of history open and close with the human scene crowded with impressive and important figures, but not once even the slightest hint of the appearance of another Saviour.

Some dwell too high to see Jesus. The age-old vanity of the human heart, untaught by history, unresponsive to God, lures them toward the delusive heights. It is true that "The saint can see farther on his knees than the philosopher on tip-toe." Man's ambition to climb up to salvation, rather than stoop to receive it, is still a vain thing.

But the planners still plan, and send out their invitations to confer on the stale and discredited proposition, "Let us build . . . a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven." As man struggles up toward the pinnacle, he meets God coming down to the manger. The undreamed humiliation of God is unrecognized by the soaring pride of man.

To see God in Christ — the God who came down — man must get down and look up. In the Cathedral Church of Copenhagen, one can see the intimate personal beauty of the Saviour in Thorvaldsen's famous statue, "Christ the Comforter," only by kneeling and gazing upward.

The Magi travelled a very long way to find the "young Child with Mary His mother," but the last stage of their pilgrimage was the most significant and, in spiritual measurements, the longest, when they, representing so much that this world values, "fell down and worshipped" the Christ Child.

It is certainly quite true that we Salvationists have a simple faith:

(Continued on page 8)

A SEASONABLE MEDITATION

by
General
Albert
Orsborn

International Leader of
The Salvation Army





THOUSAND TONGUES

So Proceeds the Translation of The Scriptures

The sensitive fingers of a sightless reader traces a passage in a Braille Bible.

FOUR men sit at a rough table in a little house in an African jungle clearing. Two are dark-skinned natives. Two are Europeans. Before them lie eight or ten printed books, some notebooks, a pile of carefully corrected manuscript, and before one of them a partly written sheet. They are conversing in a language unknown to us. One reads aloud in English:

And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.

He speaks again in the unknown tongue, looks for the agreement of his three colleagues, and after further conversation writes down:

Yesu akeri bekere besa be-vuku ovongo. Ya ozuku infuna nda, zi zama, nda ya nda, bua mantea ntuari masonga boke lebo minkanda mi mama.

Thus it happens that another mile stone in the spiritual history of the human race has been passed. For the pile of manuscript, carefully wrapped and registered, goes to a city some 5,000 miles away; a linotyper patiently thumps out on his typesetter keyboard the words of the manuscript meaningless to him; a printing press picks up sheets of paper and slides them out with the strange words impressed; a binder folds and sews; a packer nails shut cases of bound books, and stencils a label, "Bendela, Congo Belge, via Matadi"—and a Bible House scribe enters on a list in a committee's minutes, "No. 1,000, Sakata." It is the thousandth recorded language

into which some part of the Holy Scriptures has been translated and published!

In a sense richer than he dreamed, the prayer of Charles Wesley has been fulfilled:

*Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!*

THE place of honor in the several editions of the Methodist hymnal in many lands is reserved for this hymn by Charles Wesley. For more than 150 years it has been "hymn number one" in the Methodist Church. It was written in May, 1739, to mark the first anniversary of the author's conversion.

The first line of the first hymn stanza recalls a remark once made to Wesley by a friend, Peter Bohler,

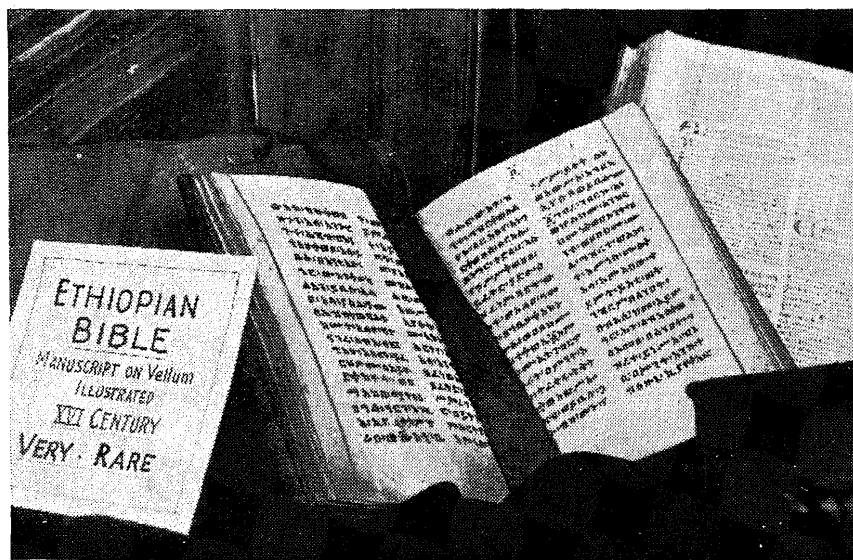
while the two were discussing Christian praise and worship.

"Had I a thousand tongues," said Bohler, "I would praise Jesus Christ with them all."

The Early Translations

There is much more to that list than a thousand names of languages. Let us look at it. It starts in the Third Century before Christ with the translation of the Old Testament into Greek—the so-called Septuagint—the source of many of the Greek New Testament's quotations from the Old Testament. In the Second Century A.D., comes the New Testament in the Syriac version, probably the first of the great translations and in its developed form second only to the Latin Vulgate and the English Bible in its far-flung influence. Also in the Second Century Latin texts appear, to culminate in

(Continued on page 26)



A rare copy of an Ethiopian Bible.



Christmas Preparations

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PAGE SEVEN

LOVE CAME DOWN

(Continued from page 5)

we kneel at the manger, weep at the Cross, rejoice at the empty tomb. We are not disposed to lose our faith in a maze of analytical criticism, or obscure our simplicities by what Charlotte Bronte called, "cleveralities." For, be it known and testified, the simple faith of a trusting disciple is not a mark of ignorance. It is not the simplicity of the credulous, the naive; but rather the faith of the experienced, the testimony of one who has quit idle speculation and found the assurance of salvation. It is the simplicity that has finished wandering around the circumference of Truth, and found rest at the centre.

With this pure joy and radiant certainty in our hearts, we shall again fill this Christmas season with our songs and make it warmer with our smile. Moreover, we shall "come down," like our Saviour. If we can find a lonely soul, we shall get down into the shadows to give that one a little bit of friendly company. If we are apt to be too sophisticated and "grown-up," we shall lay aside our prim proprieties and our swelling importance, and "come down" to the child level, where the Lord's little ones are needing love and plain human interest, as well as toys and Christmas trees and Santa Claus with whiskers and reindeer!

If we are socially aloof, and apt to receive service without giving it, we shall look around our homes, or wherever our coolest manners are kept, and just try to "come down" from the balcony and be more agreeable, and to lend a hand.

Remember the Unfortunate, Baffled, Broken and Dispossessed

If we have plenty, and are warmed and fed, we shall remember the unfortunate, the baffled, the beaten, the broken, the dispossessed. Carrying something of our own abundant blessings to relieve the bleak distress of others, we shall look up and find the star shining above us. For wherever men stoop to bring service and sacrifice in the name of Christ, to staunch the wounds and heal the sorrows of their fellows, the Angel-song is heard again and the coming down of God is re-enacted.

If we do not know the angelic melody of Bethlehem skies, we know the message. Permit me to recall a happy moment of years ago. I was walking through a London park on my way to a meeting. It was very near the Christmas season. Meditating on the wonder of His coming, and having in my head at the same time a little French tune, I sang aloud:

*He came right down to me!
To condescend to be my Friend,
He came right down to me!*

The little refrain which was born that Christmas has been sung thousands of times since then: and it will be sung again this year. And we may also recall the couplet:

*The Lord came down to save me
Because he loved me so!*

And here is a thought I shall humbly and thankfully meditate this Christmas — that the Child of Bethlehem Who became the Man of Galilee and the Christ of Calvary cannot be accounted for as a product of His age and race. His coming was a Divine intervention in human affairs. It shattered established ideas, broke through "the framework of history," and brought us the Divine gift, God's only begotten Son, to be our Saviour. He came down to lift us up. He was God's downward reach, not our upward march. He joined our family at Bethlehem. Let all who would be wise unto salvation put away all pride and hardness of heart, and kneel where the Wise Men knelt.

In Lands Near and Far

EVERYWHERE, every-
where, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir-
tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the
palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks
stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields
stand sunny and bright,
Christmas where children are
hopeful and gay,

Christmas where old men are
patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a
dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the
thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere,
Christmas tonight!
For the Christ-child who
comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great, no
cottage too small.

Phillips Brooks

Christmas Reflections

By MAJOR MARION NEILL

IN the half-light of dawn snow-flakes could be seen falling like a quiet benediction. The street was still; not a sound was heard. One felt a sacred hush that portended a blessed day. Suddenly the silence was broken. The policeman on the beat loomed up. Waving his hand he cried, "Merry Christmas, nurse!" It was a good start for Christmas Day!

Inside there was warmth, the smell of Christmas trees, the sight of glamorous holly, lights, bright youthful faces. As student nurses sang on the stairway one thought of the privilege enjoyed. What an honor it was to contribute an accompaniment to human voices, rounding out the melody with heaven's harmony.

In the wards there were beaming faces, as patients expressed gratitude for inspired singing, loving care, and thoughtful attention. There were Christmas flowers and gifts and cards. It was indeed a Merry Christmas. And then came Santa Claus to cheer every heart with his bells and a bag full of presents, and a laugh and a word for patients and nurses, and husbands too. In the entrance hall doctors saw Santa Claus, and there were handshakes all around, and everyone was smiling.

The spirit of Christmas had transformed everyone and united them in friendship.

"The Christian should be the happiest person in the world. He ought to have the brightest face, the merriest laugh, the most cordial handshake, the most helpful life anywhere in the world to be found. Let him work happily at his business of giving to the world the best there is in Christianity."





A FRAGMENT OF A CHRISTMAS HYMN
"Shepherds hear the angels sing, Hallelujah!"

HOW THE FOUNDER SPENT Christmas

IN December, 1855, six months after their marriage, William Booth and his wife arrived in Leeds. There the young revivalist's "popularity was embarrassing, his success as a revivalist amazing and all the accounts of that time show him as a fiery preacher not only able to pack large buildings

with a breathless audience ... but able, through God, permanently to change the lives of sinful men."

"My precious William excelled himself and electrified the people," writes Mrs. Booth to her parents. The work did not cease through

the Christmas season. The Army Founder-to-be spent his first Christmas as a married man more or less in the pulpit.

As might be imagined, these two young people, gifted, and fired with religious emotion and fervor, thereafter spent many Christmases conducting revival campaigns. In December, 1862, they were at St. Ives, where the revival services were attended by remarkable results. December, 1863, found them in Birmingham, conducting an equally successful series of meetings.

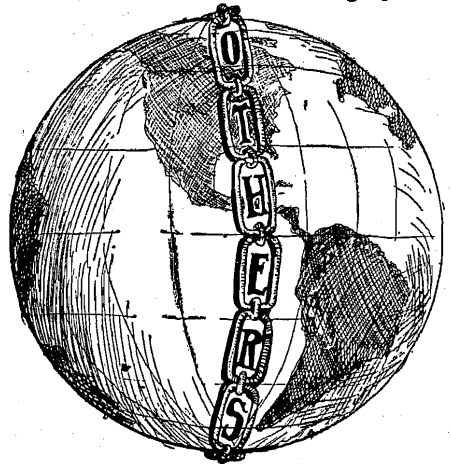
A Christmas Gift

On Christmas Day, 1865, the East London Mission received a new and welcome reinforcement in the birth of Evangeline, Mr. and Mrs. Booth's fourth daughter and seventh child.

* * *

The first and last Christmas Day the Booth family spent in private together is thus described:

"It was determined that the children should have a thoroughly old-

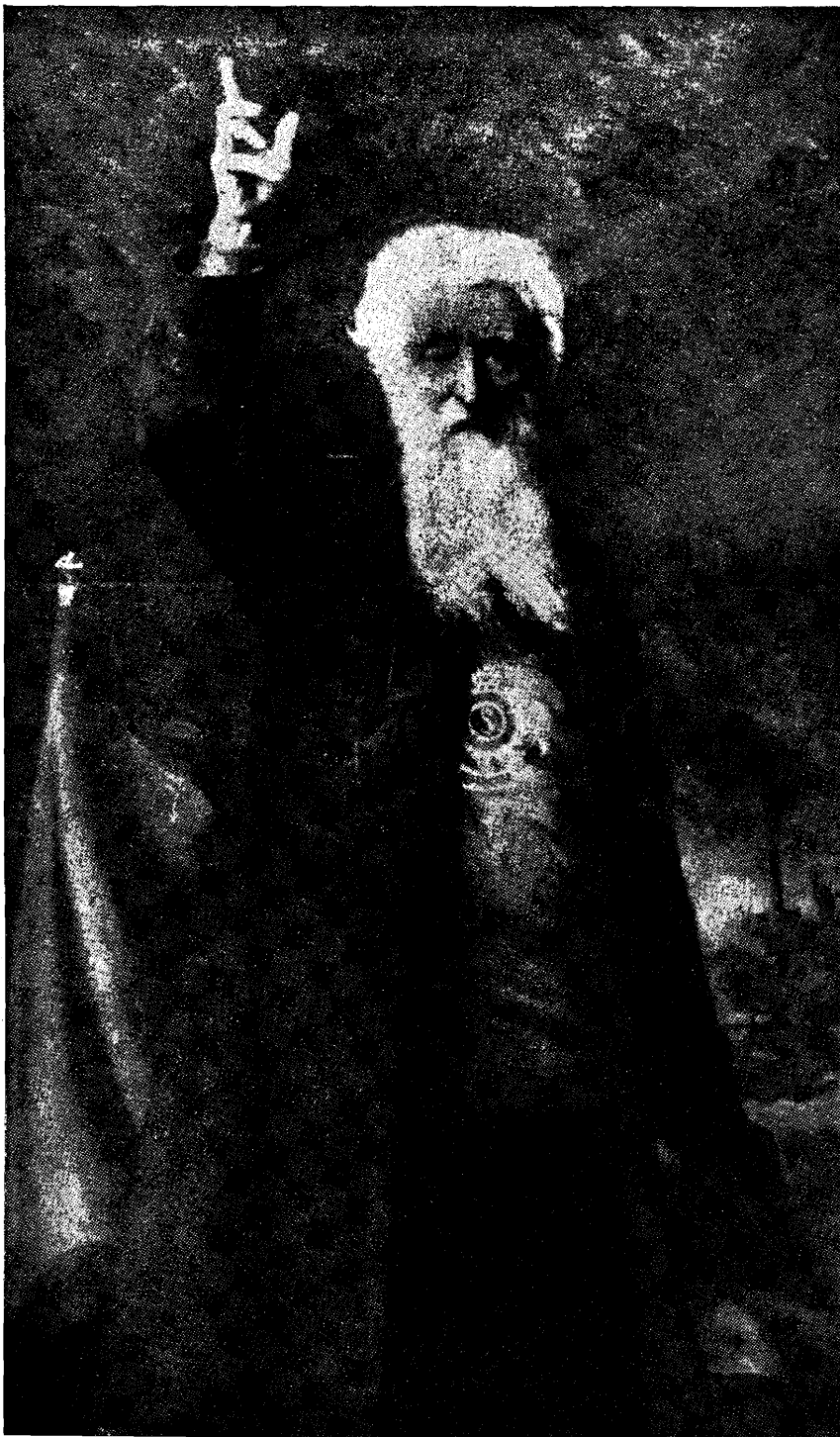


One Christmas season the Army Founder desired to send a message to all of his officers. Cablegrams were expensive. His genius for saying the right thing resulted in one word "OTHERS"

fashioned Christmas, and for a week beforehand every preparation was made for a great family festival ... But when William Booth returned from his preaching in Whitechapel on Christmas morning, he was pale and haggard. He did his best to enter into the children's fun and frolic, but it was no use; he kept relapsing into silence and gloom. He looked dreadfully white and drawn. Suddenly he burst out:

THE WAR CRY

GENERAL
WILLIAM
BOOTH
(From a painting)



Fragments from the Life of William Booth

"I'll never have a Christmas Day again like this!"

"Getting on his feet and walking up and down the room like a caged lion, he told us of the sights he had seen that morning in Whitechapel, indignantly saying, 'The poor have nothing but the public-house—nothing but the public-house!' He saw the poverty, the misery, the disease, and the godlessness behind the drinking. That Christmas Day was the last the Booth family ever spent together. On the following Christmas Day they were scattered in the slums distributing plum puddings."

It was while William Booth was preparing his annual appeal for Christmas, 1877, that a change took place which was to have far-reaching effects. Mr. Booth was pacing the room discussing the various particulars. Seated at the table were his two indefatigable aides-

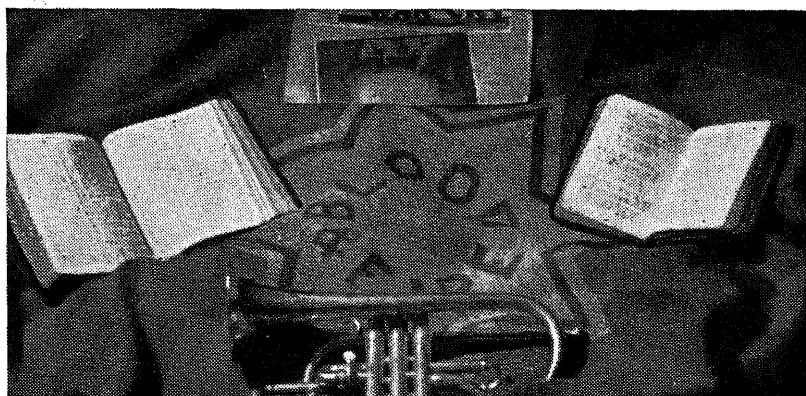
* Like his Master, William Booth went
* out after the lost sheep, the "other
* sheep" of the fold

de-camp—his son, Mr. Bramwell Booth, and Mr. Railton.

"What is the Christian Mission?" was a question propounded by the circular in course of preparation. To this was proposed the reply, "A Volunteer Army."

Pausing for a moment, and leaning over the shoulder of his secretary, the General picked up a pen, passed it through the word "Volunteer," and wrote above it "Salvation." So the very name of the Army is a Christmas gift to the world.

On Christmas Day, 1892, at the



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



end of the second year of his widowhood, the Founder wrote:

"All (his son, the Chief of the Staff, and family) coming in to dine at five and spend the evening. I would rather be alone, but I think that she would like me to have them together. We have been wonderfully together as a family for many, many years—only one or two absent on Christmas Day—and now we are very much scattered."

Four days before Christmas, 1896,

on December 21, William Booth drove over to Hawarden Castle from Keighley to see Mr. William Ewart Gladstone. These two men, on many matters so diverse in opinion, yet so strangely alike in fervor and in feature, spoke together for some time. William Booth was very much impressed by Gladstone's geniality, by his perfect command of words, and by his eagerness. "He put his heart into my business," he wrote, "and that right away, going straight to the very vitals of the subject, as phase after phase of it passed before him."

On the last day of the Old Year (in 1899), and at the threshold of a new century, William Booth wrote:

"So the Old Year goes out, or rather the century. Have no time or heart to philosophize or sentimentalize on the event. Must turn my attention to getting some truths—facts, arguments, appeals—that will influence the thousands I shall have to talk to at 10.30."

Caught a Severe Chill

Instead however, of leading the
(Continued on page 19)



LIFE in CANADA'S

August herald the approach of winter. Snow begins to fall during September. The temperature sinks lower and lower every day. The sea freezes over to remain frozen until the following June. Blizzards rage and the wind sweeps great mountains of snow about, changing the face of the landscape from hour to hour. To venture outside in the face of the raging wind would be folly. You cannot stand upright against its force. The lashing snow cuts the skin and penetrates any openings in the clothing. Outside activity is suspended for a few weeks until the snow has settled and becomes hardened. When a crust forms on the snow the dogs are harnessed and made ready, for land and sea have become an icy highway to connect far-distant communities. In the heavens the stars flash with a brilliance unequalled in southern latitudes. Nature's fireworks, the Northern Lights, flare and shoot across the sky—rose red, gold, green and white, in a flood of color.

The Event of the Year

High up in the lonely outposts of the Arctic live the men who form the backbone of the Hudson's Bay Company, with only the Eskimos or Indian trappers, some government weathermen, and an occasional officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for company. In twos or threes these men live the year round, their only contact with the outside world, an annual ship. It arrives in July, stops for a day to unload a year's provisions, takes on a cargo of furs, and moves off to the next outpost. Naturally, the arrival of the steamer is the big event of the year. The Eskimos gather in advance, pitch tents on the rocky hill-

sides, and prepare for the gala occasion. Dressed in their best they are ready long before the ship is due to arrive. As soon as the anchor is dropped, they clamber on board for the inevitable meal of tea and biscuits; only after that are they ready for the day's labors.

To the white man, the arrival of the annual ship often means the first outside companionship since last summer, the anticipation of long-delayed Christmas presents, a year's supply of mail and newspapers to be hoarded and enjoyed until the following July. A winter mail service has been introduced in recent years. It provides variety and a break in the usual daily routine. Mail is flown to one of the posts nearer civilization. There, a member of the Hudson's Bay Company carries it by dog sled to the next post, accompanied by the indispensable Eskimo guide. This usually means a journey of two or three days or, as the Eskimo would say, two or three igloos. Each night, instead of pitching a tent as we would in the South, the Eskimo builds an igloo to house himself and the white man. The dogs burrow deeply into the snow. Once at their destination, the post takes on the air of a party for few new faces are ever seen. The guests remain for several days to swap yarns and to hear news as the northern grapevine can produce. Finally they prepare to start back, and another messenger proceeds onward to the next post with the mail.

The Eskimos are a people with a summer and a winter home. In summer they live in tents. In winter they move to the igloos. Because they depend largely on the sea for their supply of food, they rarely wander more than thirty to forty

FROM the sixtieth parallel of latitude northward through the islands of the Arctic Ocean, and from Alaska to Greenland, Canada's Northland spreads over land and sea, an empire in area, a small city in terms of people. It is a land of short brilliant summers and long, frigid winters; a land where the sun never sets, and where it never rises; a land where man is at the mercy of Nature.

From September to May the earth and sea are buried under a thick blanket of snow and stillness, broken only by the fury of wind and blizzard. People travel by dog sled, and wear several layers of fur to keep them warm. Spring comes suddenly, with little warning. Great rifts appear in the ice. The rocks show through the snow. Soon the reindeer moss is green. Hardy, flowering plants show signs of color, and the scrubby trees put out leaves. The wild ducks, the snow birds, and the geese have arrived for the summer. Nights shorten and days lengthen. June brings the sun to stay for twenty-four hours each day. People rest very little, for it is difficult to sleep. Long after folks in the South have gone to bed, they play games, visit, and have a mid-night meal.

Sudden squalls and biting winds in

*The accompanying excellent description of Canada's vast Northland is taken from "The Land and People of Canada" by Frances Aileen Ross, and is reproduced herewith by permission of Longmans, Green and Company, Toronto.



Boy Scouts, in winter garb, construct an igloo. These huts, the thick walls of which provide excellent insulation, are quite cosy and snug within.

NORTHLAND

A Vivid Description of a Little-known Region Where the Sun Never Sets and Never Rises

miles inland. For heat and light during the long winter they use the oil which they obtain from seals, walrus, whales, and bears. As a matter of fact, their food supply provides them with clothing and material for tents as well.

As extensive cooking in an igloo would not be practical the Eskimos have solved the problem by eating their meat and fish raw. This is their chief food supply. They consume enormous quantities, as much as forty pounds a day for a family. To obtain such vast supplies they must hunt over a wide area and the fewer the inhabitants the better are their chances of survival. Tea seems to be the chief supplement to the meat diet. Eskimos will do almost anything for a few ounces of tea. It is the first thing they ask for when they see a white man. All ages drink it, strong without milk or sugar — and they eat the tea leaves last of all.

Mountainous Floating Ice-Fields

Often their hunting takes them on a journey of several days from home. It may be that a herd of caribou has been reported not far away. Or perhaps it is the walrus season, in which case they go by launch into the midst of mountainous floating ice fields. Eskimos are equally skilful with gun or harpoon. They

A TEAM OF HUSKIES. One method of transportation in the north country.

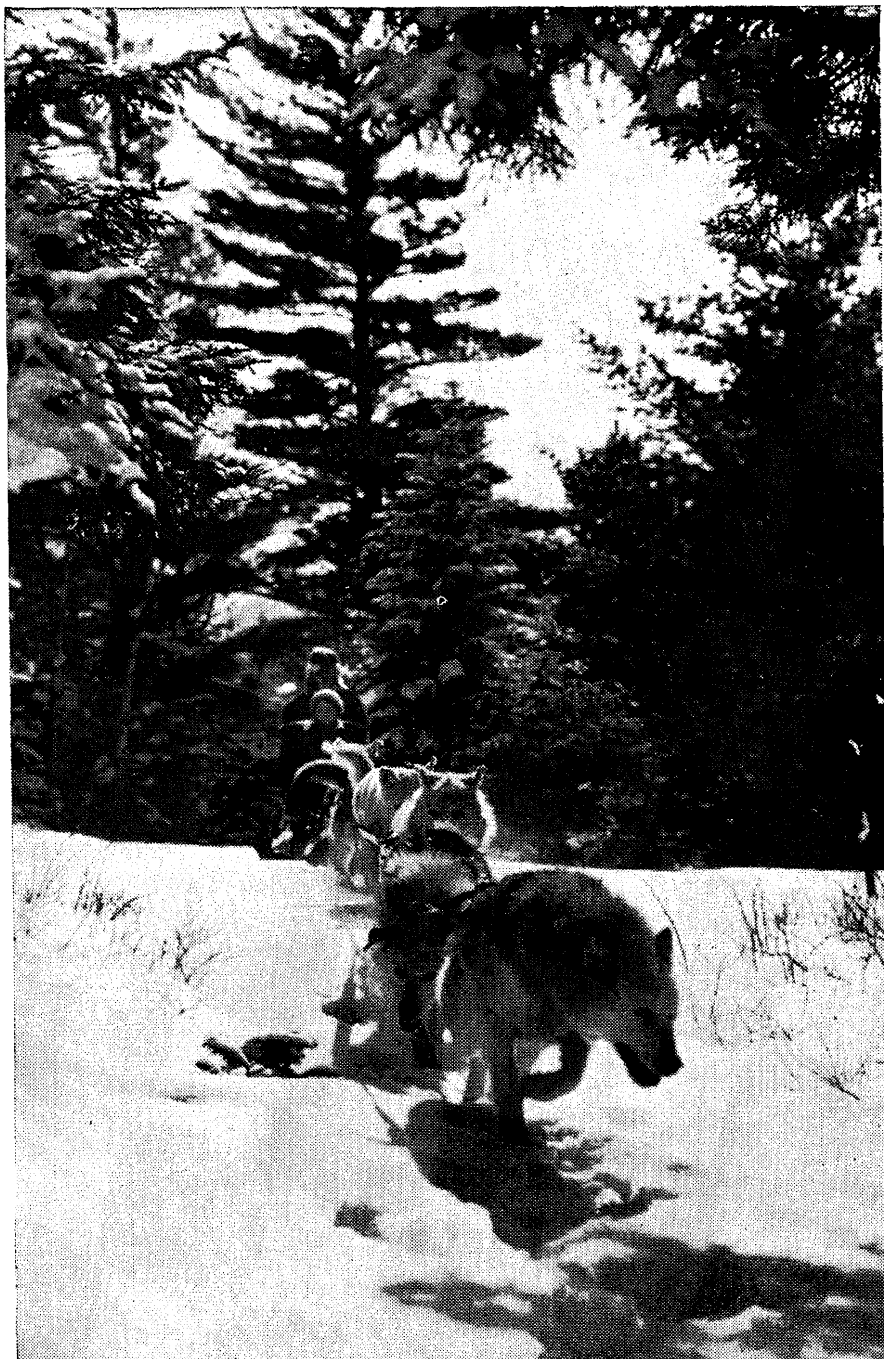
know that if they fail the first time, there is seldom a second chance, for at first scent of danger their prey vanishes.

When they come upon a good hunting area they kill as quickly and as widely as possible. Their



An Eskimo maiden, visiting Newfoundland, is shown with a Salvationist League of Mercy worker who has befriended her.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



booty is left where it falls in order to pursue the fleeing game. Later they will return to remove the hides, cut up the carcasses, and sort the meat, eating great quantities all the while. The less desirable portions are thrown to the dogs; the hides and certain choice cuts are put aside to be taken home; the rest goes to make up their evening feast, when they will gorge themselves until they fall over in a stupor. If the hunting has been especially successful whole carcasses are buried under a pile of rocks to be left for other hunters who may pass that way.

What do the white men do with their time in the lonely, Arctic Hudson's Bay posts? There are long hours for reading, hunting, and talking, but there is plenty of work to be done too. Throughout the

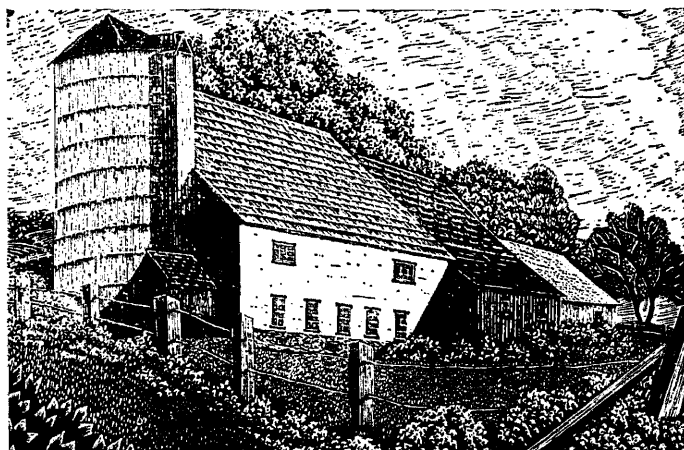
winter they pit their wits against Nature in an effort to stay alive. Their cabins become smaller and smaller as they close off room by room, and draw near to the stove, to live and to sleep. August finds them preparing for the time when they may be unable to venture out of doors, sorting their provisions, bringing together their foodstuffs, and arranging their fuel supply. To make their houses warmer, snow is piled heavily around the outside, with only the windows left clear.

By November the animals have grown fine, silky coats and the Eskimos and Indians are off trapping. When they return with a load of furs, the white man must have them cleaned, softened, cured, and baled, for next year's boat.

Money never passes in trading
(Continued on page 24)

PAGE THIRTEEN

No Room?



A Canadian farm house, with its barns and silo

A FARM STORY

By
Angel
Lane

IT was snug and cosy in the well-lighted stable; sweet with the odor of new milk, and the fragrance of sun-cured hay. Dick Tresidder drew a deep breath of sheer delight! A countryman born and bred, he loved everything connected with farm-life. He thought, with pleasure and pride, of the golden treasury of the granary-bins; the well-filled hay mow; the big straw stacks, their fat sides riddled with the holes made by livestock in search of a snack; some of the holes being considered the ultimate in nests, by members of the hen-house.

He chuckled as he recalled the fat Plymouth Rock hen, who threatened to peck out the eyes of any boyvine that disturbed the process of depositing another specimen of "what the well-fed, well-cared-for hen lays." Maud and Mabel, Jessie and Jean, the foursome of sleek, satisfied milkers; small Dolly and Dell; Tina and Tim, the newest calf arrivals; Bob and Betty, Ted and Tess, his faithful work-horses; the young cattle, the hens; even Myrtle the sow; he loved them all! Myrtle was a vixen, but her babies were the healthiest specimens of pigdom in the township; and brought many a dollar as pork, besides winning prizes on the hoof.

Dick was roused from his reverie by a mildly curious glance from Jessie the Jersey who was used to being milked with a bit more speed.

"All right, Jessie girl, we're through," and he gave her an affectionate pat. Seated beside Jean, Dick's thoughts switched to his greatest treasure—his beloved wife, Nelda, with her soft golden brown hair, and eyes as deeply blue as the sea that lapped the shores of her native Cornwall.

Even in school days it had been said: "Wherever you see Nelda Marsden, you'll see Dick Tresidder." Their ultimate marriage was a supremely happy one. Raised as church members and Christians, they had continued in the good way of life, and were highly respected in church and community.

Dick chuckled to himself just then. Nelda had recently attended some weekly meetings for women at The Salvation Army Hall in the not-far-distant town. She had seen a

A Christmas Prayer

LET not our hearts be
busy inns
That have no need for
Thee,
But cradles for the living
Christ
And His nativity.

demonstration of weaving, at one of these Home League meetings; and nothing would do but that she weave herself a dress-length; and weave it she did. A most attractive dress it was, the soft purplish blue bringing memories of the heather, back home.

Dick felt a husbandly pride in his wife's accomplishments. His chuckle was due to the fact that Nelda had considerable of what is termed "pigheadedness," or "perseverance," depending on who possesses the quality!—and Dick had an idea that she would eventually team up with the Salvationists.

'Twas nearing Christmas. Over the radio came the old familiar tunes, as Dick did the day's final chores. "Away in a manger:" tender thoughts of the birth of his Lord and Master mingled in Dick

Tresidder's heart with longing for the child who had never come to share the happy life of his Nelda and himself. A sudden news item startled him, so closely did it follow the trend of his thoughts. "Young mother—extremely poor circumstances—husband died recently—dies in giving birth to a lovely baby boy. Salvation Army arranging for funeral."

A baby boy, no mother, no home, and Nelda and he? Dick Tresidder dropped to his knees in the clean straw, and there went winging heavenwards an unuttered prayer!

A starry-eyed Nelda came from the living room as Dick washed his hands at the sink in the cheery kitchen, its deep casement windows aglow with a variety of gay-blossomed house-plants. "Dick!" her voice almost as sparkling as her eyes. "Did you hear the newscast? About the baby boy? Oh, Dick! Do you suppose—?" Her blue eyes overflowed, and Dick held his wife very close for a long moment, then he gently wiped away her tears, and led her to the couch, where they "talked out" all the pent-up longings of their hearts. Then a telephone call!

The Christmas sky was asparkle with a myriad of lights. Busy mothers were putting the finishing touches to preparations for the next day. Glowing young eyes had at last reluctantly closed; their owners now blissfully dreaming of Santa.

Last-minute shoppers wended their happy way along crispy, crunchy roads and sidewalks.

(Continued on page 22)



A N C I E N T . . . T I M E P I E C E S



THE sight of an ancient clock, especially a grandfather clock decorated with holly, seems to have some sort of connection with the Christmas season. We remember once seeing a swaying pendulum with a Santa Claus face attached. It looked jolly.

The spectacle of a town or village clock, flood-lighted or made gay with colored lamps is generally a joy to behold and causes reflections to rise. So common have clocks, set in public places, as well as in the home, become, that there is scarcely any excuse for persons to be late at an appointment for the reason they do not have the time. We can scarcely imagine the difficulties of telling the time which must have faced our ancestors before the clocks as we know them to-day were invented. And how crude those first clocks must have been!

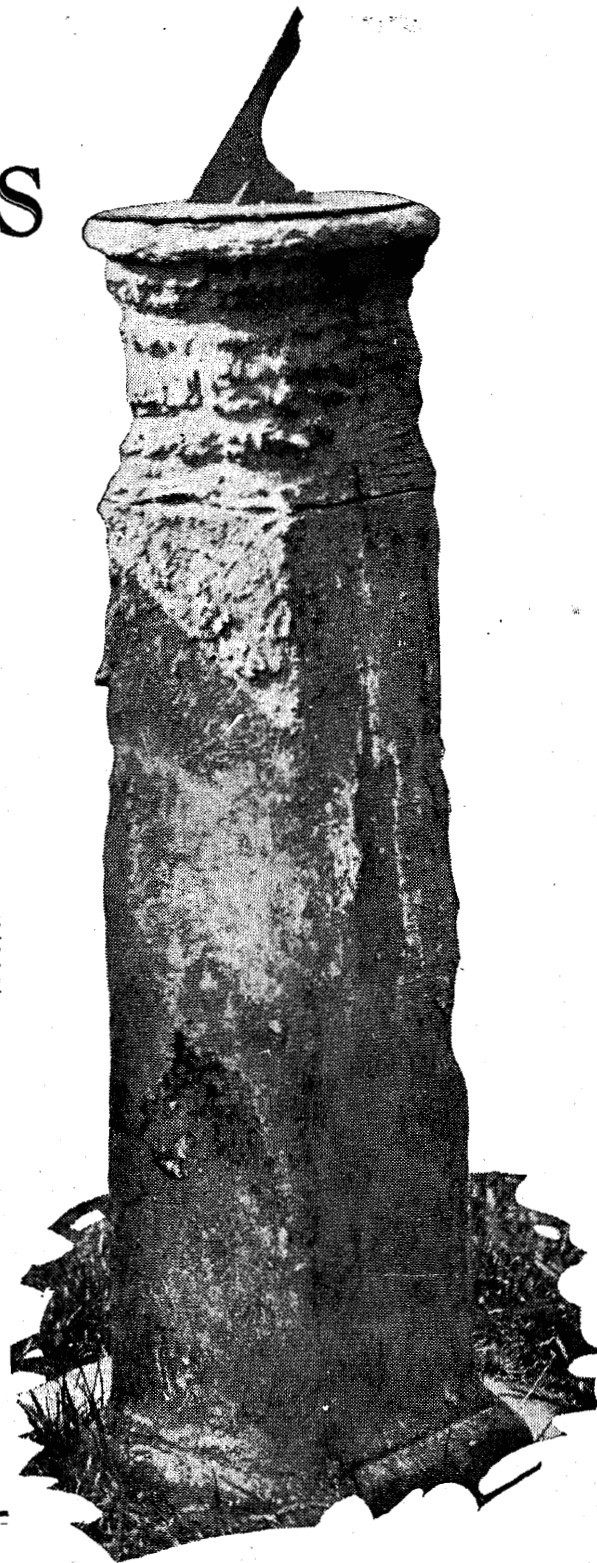
Toward the end of the seventeenth century grandfather clocks began to make their appearance in England. The previous clocks had been made to stand on wooden brackets, and

their long pendulum and weights used to hang down against the wall in very much the same way as cuckoo clocks do in the present day. But as people found it very difficult to avoid knocking against them, and so interfering with their accuracy as time-keepers, long wooden cases were made to protect the works. Thus the tall grandfather clocks that stood upon the floor were evolved.

Stood in the Chimney Corner

These clocks instantly became very popular. For many generations, indeed, a "grandfather" was considered to be the hall-mark of respectability, and every newly-married couple would start and save until they could afford a clock to stand in the chimney corner. The original ones went for twenty-four hours, and were wound by pulling down a driving cord.

It was early in the same century that Galileo, so is the common belief, made the discovery that a pendulum is isochronous—that is, that the time it takes to complete a swing is constant. The theory was investigated by Huyghens, who showed



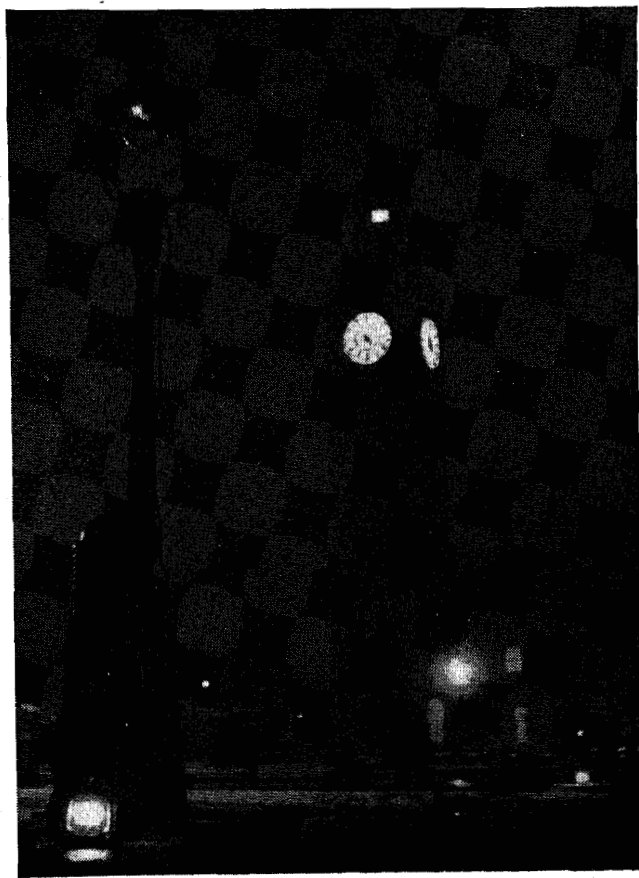
DELVING INTO THE HISTORY OF CLOCKS

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CLOCK

London's famous old and historic clock, with its booming bell, Big Ben, heard by radio around the world, looms up in the dimness of the night. Note the light above the clock faces which indicates that Parliament is sitting

that the pendulum is not strictly isochronous, but that the time to perform a swing becomes greater as the arc through which the pendulum swings increases; further, that a small change in the arc of swing has more effect on the time of swing as the arc increases.

Hence for perfect timekeeping the arc of swing must be kept constant, and in order that any change in the arc should have only a small effect it is important that this arc should be kept as small as possible. (Continued on page 19)





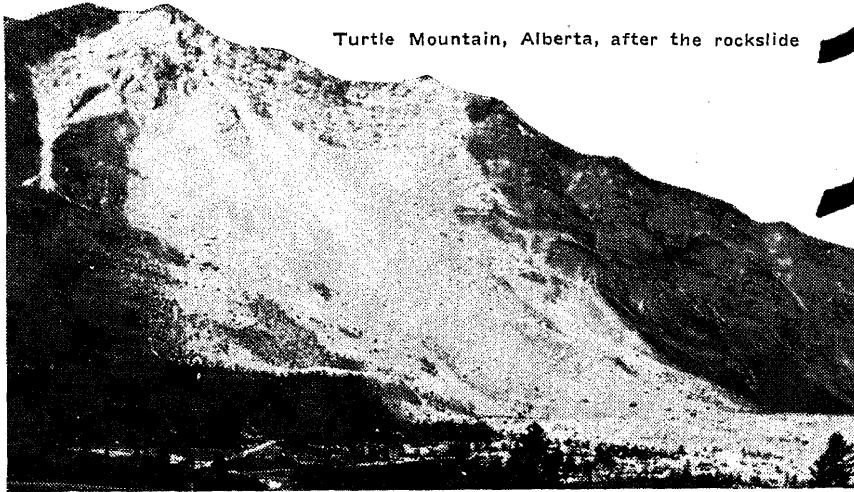


THE WAR CRY · CHRISTMAS NUMBER



“MASTER OF OCEAN AND EARTH AND SKIES”

Symbolical of Christ's matchless saving grace is this striking picture of the Saviour and the sinking Peter. Thank God, all may offer the disciple's simple three-word prayer, “Lord, save me” (Matthew 14:30), when the tempestuous waves of sin and sorrow threaten to engulf the soul.



Turtle Mountain, Alberta, after the rockslide

DISASTER in the MOUNTAINS

The Remarkable Story of
A Buried Village

THE little town of Frank, Alberta, situated in the Crow's Nest Pass, is the site of a rare and spectacular disaster that befell this Canadian community in 1903. For here, one can view the famous Frank Slide of April 29 of that year, which literally buried under a great mass of rock, men, women, children, a veritable hive of industry, and wiped out entire families.

A constant reminder of this appalling disaster is the huge mass of rock which covers an area of some 3,200 acres. For the many visitors who annually come to gaze and wonder at the results of the Slide, the story of misfortune is graphically told on a sign erected amidst the devastation and close to the main highway, which sharply divides this ocean of massive granite.

Over the years the story of the Frank Slide has become confused, and many contradictory stories and statements have been made concerning the tragedy. However, we have been able to obtain from an old resident of Coleman, and one who rendered medical assistance to the survivors, a valuable copy of the *Frank Sentinel* which was published three days following the disaster, and which gives an accurate account of the mishap.

Frank, before the slide, was a thriving mining town. To the south stood Turtle Mountain; fir-clad, with a fine crown of snow, towering 5,000 feet high above the town. This bold rugged mountain of limestone rose in a magnificent bluff from the edge of the river.

No disturbance or movement of any kind had ever been noticed previously from the mountain, and the people either retired or took their usual places at the mine on the "graveyard" shift in the belief that they were perfectly safe from all except the usual ills of life.

However, according to the *Sentinel*, "At 4 a.m. that morning of April 29, 1903, an explosion of gas, that had evidently been ages in accumulating in some big cave or

crevice near the top of Turtle Mountain, gave vent. The explosion was instantly followed by a gigantic rock slide and the whole face of the mountain, several hundred yards wide, came down with a crash, burying the whole of the mine buildings and approaches and sweeping over part of the town and clear across the valley, burying houses, land and people, and leaving nothing but death and desolation to many where happy homes had stood but a moment before.

"Rescue forces were busily engaged throughout the town, and an-

By Second Lieutenant Robert Chapman

other rescue force was meanwhile busy at the base of the mountain, where it did not take but a few moments to convince the workers that there was absolutely no hope for any of the men who had been at work at the outside of the mine. To find the entrance of the mine or a point at which to make an entrance into the mine, with hope of freeing the imprisoned miners, was not only difficult to find but dangerous in the extreme, for huge masses of rock kept falling from the mountain above. Although it did not seem possible that anyone could be rescued alive, still there were

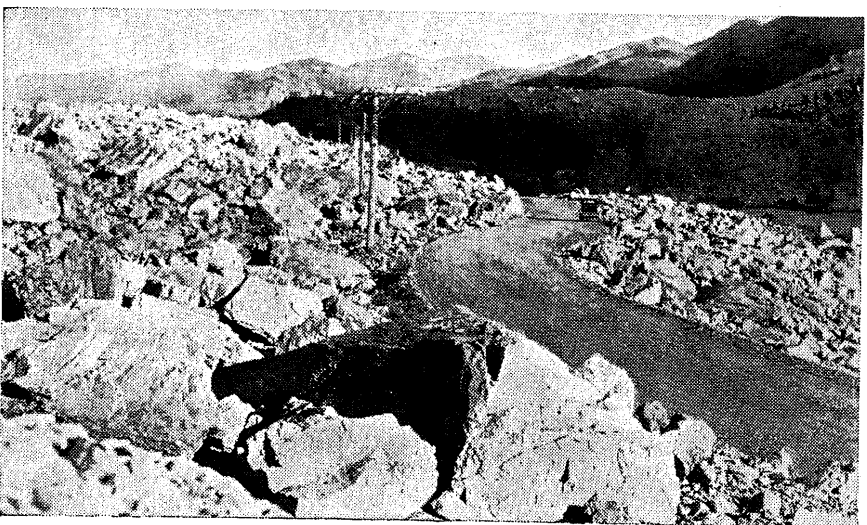
many stout hearts willing to risk their own lives on the hope of saving those of others."

The account continues: "At about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the rescue party had found the entry of the mine and were endeavoring to open it up, so as to give air and rescue to those in the mine, a figure was seen emerging from among the broken rock on the mountain a short distance above the rescue party. He was followed by others and then the people realized that these men emerging from the depth of the mountain were the imprisoned miners who had dug themselves out of their prison to light and safety. In all, seventeen of the

twenty men shut up in the mine gained the surface in perfect safety."

It has since been stated that 98 persons lost their lives because of the Slide (an estimated number); 66,000,000 tons of rock fell to cover an area nearly two miles in width and more than two miles in length, and the entire rock covers an area of some twelve miles in circumference.

Before the Slide, Turtle Mountain had been likened by many to a giant sentinel standing over their town and guarding her destinies. No doubt, before the disaster, those
(Continued on page 23)



Many motorists are unaware that they drive over the buried village of Frank. Note the great area of rock fragments

A N C I E N T T I M E P I E C E S



(Continued from page 15)

Another most important condition for good timekeeping is that the swing of the pendulum should be free, that is to say, there should be no interference with the pendulum as it swings. Further, the impulse should be given to the pendulum when it is at the middle of its swing.

Undreamed-of Accuracy

Clockmakers throughout the years have continually improved upon the design and workings of clocks until today the performance of even a very ordinary timepiece attains an accuracy such as was not dreamed of many years ago.

Nevertheless grandfather clocks, though very rare, are looked upon as very valuable, and one of these in good condition should command a substantial price.

Nearly all the early dials of these clocks were made of brass with the date and day of the week on a small, separate dial beneath them. This seems superfluous nowadays, but when we remember that in those far-off days there were few printed calendars available, and no daily newspapers, we can understand how convenient it was to refer to the clock face for the day and date.

During the late eighteenth century white dials were introduced, and soon they became very much decorated and elaborated. The top

was arched, and moving figures and designs were inserted, a ship rolling at sea, a see-saw, or, most commonly of all, the phases of the moon.

Many quaint designs seen on these old clock faces remind us of old ideas and customs. One, for instance, represents old London Bridge and the figure of a man carrying his wife on his back to avoid paying toll for her as they cross it.

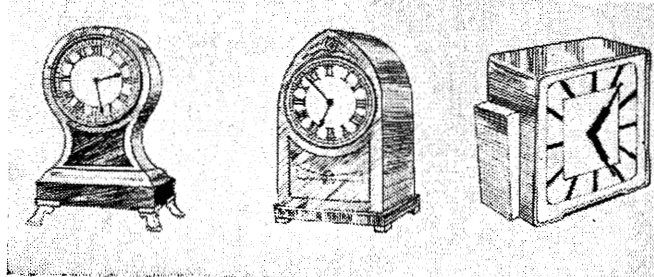
A Sabbath-keeping Clock

Another old Scottish musical clock stops playing at midnight every Saturday, and does not continue until midnight on Sunday. Meanwhile, the words, "Remember Sunday," are shown in the arch above the dial.

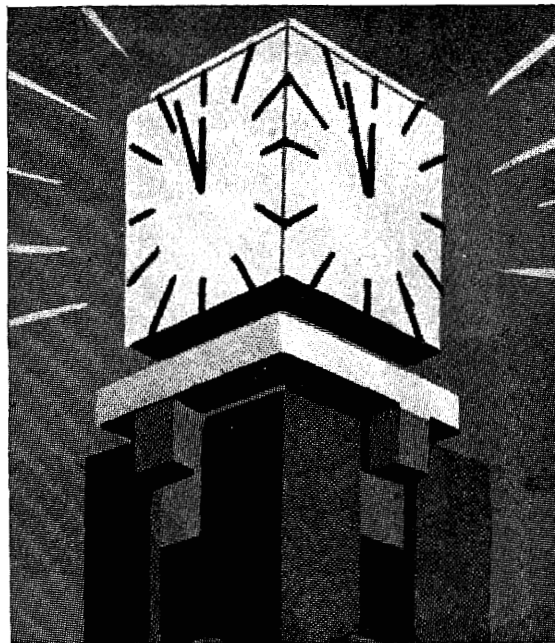
There were no minute hands on

UPPER: A modern town hall clock, illuminated to the best advantage

RIGHT: Like the making of books there is no end to the variety and usefulness of modern timepieces



the first tall clocks, the hour spaces being divided into halves and



quarters on a separate silvered ring. Minute hands began to appear about 1690, though one-handed clocks were still made for some time afterwards.

Many of the picturesque clocks in the older provinces of Canada have interesting histories, and what stories some of these ancient timepieces could tell, if they could only speak. What tales of Christmases long past and now forgotten they could narrate!

HOW THE FOUNDER SPENT CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 11)

Watch-Night service at Leeds, as he had hoped, the Founder was in bed with fever and pain, he having caught a severe chill.

Happiness Here and Hereafter

During the Christmas season of the following year (1901), he addressed three meetings in the New Cross Empire building, London. In the morning meeting he said: "I wish you a very happy Christmas, and I want to show you how to be happy at Christmas, happy after Christmas, and happy through all Eternity." Seventy seekers knelt at the Mercy-Seat on this occasion, but his ardent soul was dissatisfied even with this result.

An old clock tower seen through an artistic gateway

PAGE NINETEEN





A view of Cape Town, South Africa, taken from a passing airplane. Table Mountain forms the background of the scene.

WE were in the band-room of the Cape Town hall, getting our instruments and music ready for serenading, called more appropriately there "carolling."

"You chaps are lucky," I observed, as I extracted my trombone from its case, and squeezed a few drops of oil onto its slide, "to be able to go out playing in such mild weather."

The young lads crowded round; anything about Canada always interested them, and they knew I hailed from that land; I'm afraid I seldom left them in doubt.

"Is it cold there?" "How do you keep your instruments from freezing up?" "How do you get around in the snow?" they asked, their eyes shining with interest. I put my case

our relief — the bandmaster (who sat on a stool at the front end of the truck) said, "Number one, lads!" and we struck up, "Hark, the herald angels sing. . ."

On our left was a small, but posh hotel, its long stoop set out with small tables, around which men and women in evening-dress sat imbibing refreshment. On our right, across a palm-fringed sward, murmured the wavelets of the South Atlantic ocean, pin-points of light in the darkness indicating the presence of some homeward bound liner. A few blacks clustered around us as the harmonious chords of the old, loved carol floated into the still night air. There was a stir among the hotel guests, and a few couples strolled down the drive-way to hear us play.

a chorus that always made an apt wind-up to our various stands, "We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas (twice more) and a happy New Year!" (author unknown). Then the truck jerked off to another stop, and we "relaxed" for our next effort. As the vehicle climbed the slopes of Lion's Head for its next venue, and I fixed my eyes on the brilliant clusters of stars known as the Southern Cross, shining in a royal blue sky, my mind was on faraway Canada, and I'm afraid the happy joshing of the lads around me failed to register.

In spite of the luxurious style of the African type of carolling, I somehow longed for its Canadian counterpart, frosty toes and fingers notwithstanding. My thoughts flash-

SERENADING IN SOUTH AFRICA

away in its cupboard, gave my slide a few quick moves, blew a blast on the instrument to test my lips, then told them a few things about binding woolly scarves about tubing, about anointing valves with wood-alcohol, and about the bandsmen pushing their way through drifts three feet high. If I was inclined to color things a little, who could blame me? They expected something dramatic. (And those who have ventured forth serenading around Winnipeg or Northern Ontario would agree that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the bleakness of conditions).

They were impressively silent as we left the hall and clambered aboard the truck. Yes, Canadians, a truck! Think of it, ye who plod wearily from lamp-post to hydro-pole with head bent to the arctic breezes—a truck! We distributed ourselves on the benches provided, the presence of the collectors — women armed with boxes—making things a bit crowded at first (we endured that, as we knew they would alight as soon as we reached the starting point) and, to the accompaniment of the latest happy chorus, the truck bowled merrily down Loop Street.

We had worked our way through four or five choruses by the time we reached Sea Point, and at last the truck lurched to a stop. The collectors alighted — somewhat to

A Glimpse into Christmas Carolling Activities in Capetown

By SENIOR MAJOR H. WOOD

A request comes from a woman, whose jewels glitter in the lamp-light. "Could you play 'Holy Night'?" There is a wistful note in her voice. Perhaps she had been reminded of simpler, sweeter days in her childhood far across the seas. The lovely cadences of the sweetest of all carols ascended softly, and the woman stood clinging to the arm of her escort, her appreciation shown in her ecstatic face and suspiciously shining eyes.

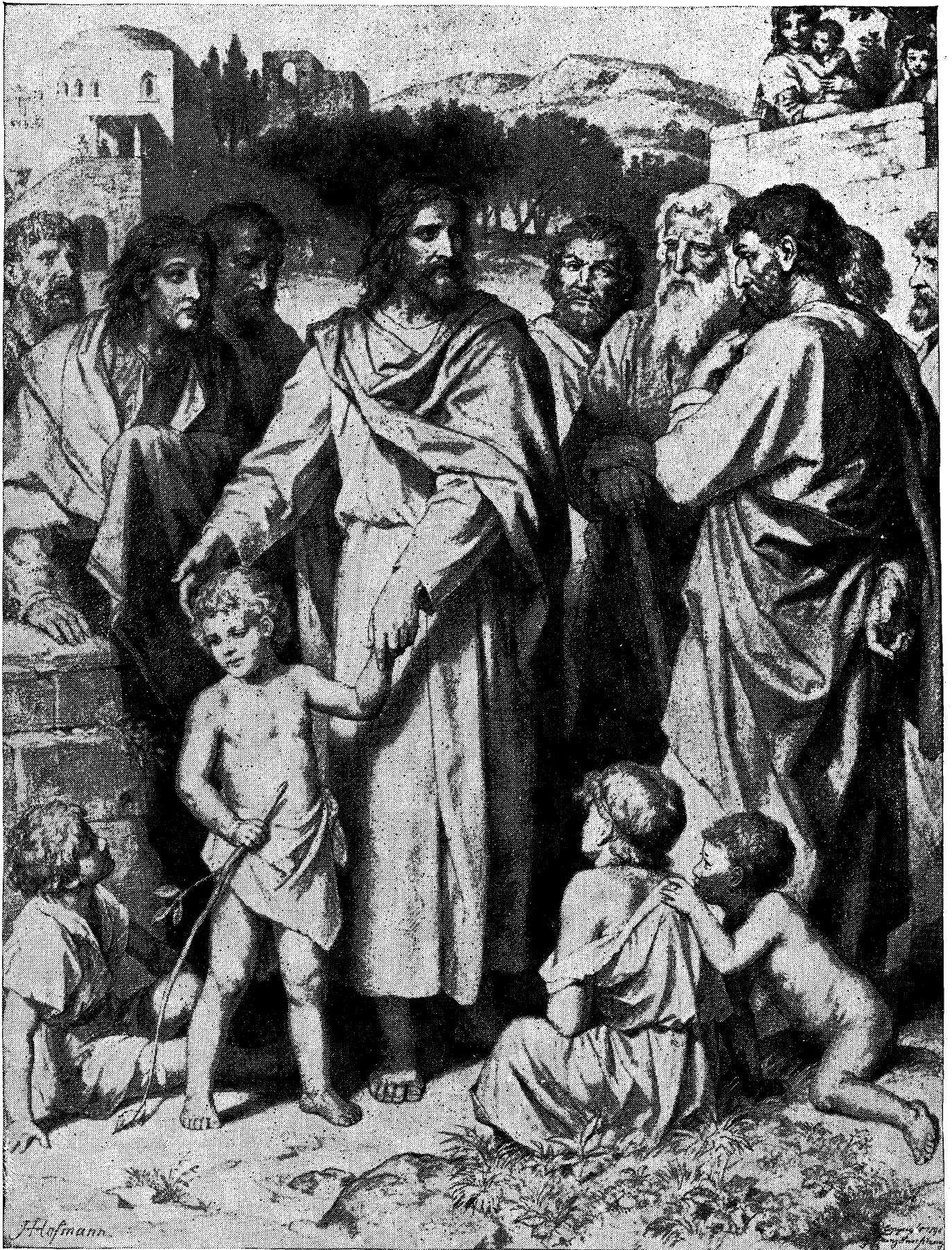
After a few tunes, the bandmaster said, "We wish you, boys," and we struck up, vocally this time,

ed from corps to corps and town to town, and like a film unrolling, I could visualize scenes long since vanished, incidents that had occurred in Riverdale, Wychwood, North Toronto, Chatham, Sarnia — and even Midland where, one night, the temperature struck 25 below, and at one stand only one cornet had kept "open."

The jolting of the truck, however, brought me back to earth, and this time we found ourselves in an elegant district, white gabled houses fringed in palms, gardens aflame with poinsettia and hibiscus, the sweet scent of pittisporum perfuming the air. Once again the collectors alight and give us breathing-space, (they report having "done well" thus far) and again the nostalgic strains of all the old carols rise into the air, bringing delighted residents to doors and windows.

(Continued on page 24)





The Saviour's Heart-Searching Lesson at all Seasons of the Year

"Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein"—Mark 10:15.
CHRISTMAS NUMBER PAGE TWENTY-ONE



The Inn Keeper

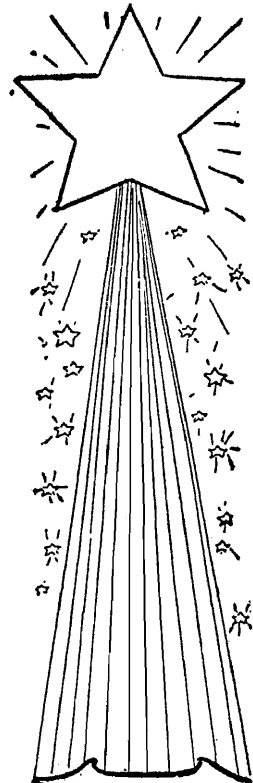
By EDGAR A. GUEST

"**A** H, if I had only known!"
Said the keeper of the inn.
"But no hint to me was shown,
And I didn't let Him in."

"Yes, a star shone overhead,
But I couldn't read the skies
And I'd given all my beds
To the very rich and wise."

"She was so poorly dressed,
And he hadn't much to say,
And no beds for them I had
So I ordered them away."

"It was late and they were tired
And she begged so hard that I,
Feeling sorry for their state,
In the manger let them lie."



NO ROOM? (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

The spirit of Christmas was in the air. In the Army Hall, band and serenaders sipped hot coffee, and sampled sandwiches.

Back at his quarters, the Corps Officer told his wife of the generosity of one and all, the loved carols had done their softening and re-vivifying work. Then suddenly he said: "Oh! forgive me dear! I had forgotten for a moment. How did you get on?" "My heart is really too full, just now; but see, dear,"

and she placed in his hands a pile of crisp, new bills. "For us and our work here!" and, kneeling together, two other of God's children sent a prayer heavenwards.

In the Tresidder farm-house, every window was agleam. In a dainty bassinette, in a room that had been converted into a charming nursery, a baby boy lies asleep, while his adopted parents stand by, adoringly. The living room radio plays softly, "Away in a manger," but no longer has this baby "no place for his bed." He is *theirs*; to love and to cherish; to have and to hold. Together, on an impulse, they kneel beside the crib; hearts abrim with gratitude to the loving Heavenly Father Who sent His only Son to be born in a manger on another Christmas Eve.

Late that night, as Dick Tresidder headed for dreamland, Nelda said softly: "Dick, if it hadn't been for The Salvation Army—!" Deep down in Dick's heart a chuckle grew. He

had been right. Nelda would eventually become a Salvationist; and so, he knew, would he!

Love's Prerogative

THERE is magic in the air at Christmas time. No doubt about it. There is something—a Divine something—in the very atmosphere that we have at no other season of the whole year. What is it? It is not merely the eating and drinking and the merrymaking. We have these at weddings, birthday parties, and other felicitous functions. But this Christmas "something," seen at its best, is far bigger and better and far more realistic than all these. It breathes the fragrance of another world, conveys, so to speak, something divine. What can we say of it but that love is allowed to rule in the hearts of men for twenty-four hours? And whenever love is on the throne it gives, and gives, and ever gives. In the familiar words of John Oxenham:

Love ever gives—
Forgiven—outlives—
And ever stands
With open hands.
And while it lives,
It gives
It is Love's prerogative—
To give—and give—and give.
J. G. P.



DISASTER *in the* MOUNTAINS

(Continued from page 18)

who held this opinion were quite justified in their belief. However, how utterly false their conception proved to be was revealed when the mountain sent forth her grinding, rolling, seething sea of rock to bring devastation and destruction.

How clearly this speaks to us of the misguided and misplaced trust man places in things material. Later, the expected haven proves to be deceptive and unreliable. History's pages also reveal vividly the bitter end of those who placed their confidence only in things militant. David bears this out plainly in Psalm 20:7, when he writes: "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

Reader-friend, place your trust in the living God! In the One whose

WINTER BEAUTY

AND yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air
breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson
dawn
And clothes the boughs with
glittering wreaths.

Henry W. Longfellow

love and whose promises never change, and in the One who can truly guard your destiny. He who places his confidence in the living God and he who leaves all things with Him, will ever possess an Anchor that is sure and steadfast!

"Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when
drooping,
'Midst the angry billows' roll.
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thou shalt control."

One cannot, of course, venture to declare that this tragedy came about as judgment from God on a wicked people. (Although the newspaper article does declare that the day following the incident, "drunken rowdies were strongly in evidence on the streets"). But it no doubt is an agreed fact that not one of the victims of this occurrence had possibly ever realized that death would come to them in one of the "strangest of disasters."

An Unescapable Fact

Perhaps one could also venture to declare that possibly the day be-

fore the tragedy not one of the to-be victims had thought that death was so near. But, regardless of how death comes to an individual or what thought it is given, it will be admitted by all that death is an inescapable fact. The Scriptures clearly teach that death is universal. One reads in Psalm 89:48, "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?" Also one finds these words recorded in Hebrews 9:27, "It is appointed unto men once to die"

Accept Now God's Gift

Have you made preparation for your departure from this present life? That is, not in the form of a will or in the purchase of an insurance policy, but in the procurement of God's free gift of Salvation? Though death is inevitable and unavoidable and oftentimes sudden, yet with the proper preparation it can be met with the still, sweet assurance that, "It is well with my soul." By placing one's trust in God and in things spiritual, one's life can

become one of joy and peace, and with it comes the knowledge that, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever" (Psalm 125:1).

The Measure of God

Is the Measure of His Love

THE Gospel of Christ and Christmas proclaims to us that the greatness of God is measured by the distance to which He can stoop.

Light looked down, and beheld
Darkness,
"Thither will I go," said Light.
Peace looked down and beheld
War,
"Thither will I go," said Peace.
Love looked down and beheld
Hatred,
"Thither will I go," said Love.
So came Light, and shone.
So came Peace, and gave rest.
So came Love, and brought life;
And the Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us.

PAGE TWENTY-THREE



In CANADA'S NORTHLAND



A log bridge in the Northland.

(Continued from page 13)

with the Eskimos. The measure of value is the "beaver skin." A load of furs is valued at so many beaver skins. The Eskimo may either take it out in store goods, or it may be applied to his credit. Frequently he owes a debt for the goods required for his hunting expedition. Contact with the outside world has changed his habits considerably. We have al-

ready noticed his devotion to tea and firearms. Plaid shawls, mirrors, toys, lard and white men's clothes have an endless fascination for him. While occasionally, from his tent issue sounds peculiar only to a phonograph, a typewriter, or a sewing machine.

At Cooking Lake, just outside Edmonton, the sun is shining brightly and it is twenty degrees below zero. Six or seven planes resting on their wide, wooden skis, are being warmed up. Mechanics are busy with last-minute check-ups. A few passengers bundled in raccoon coats, leather trousers, and high Eskimo boots, stamp out. The freight and mail are loaded; the final weather report read; and the plane for the North is ready to start its eleven-hundred mile trip to Port Radium. The few passengers, climb in, to find place on top of crates and cases, for the plane carries no seats. It is used to bring supplies to the mining camps far in the north. It has carried important machinery, but today its load is largely fresh fruits and vegetables. The passengers settle themselves and the plane moves off. Below, the earth is smooth and glistening white, broken only by the tracks of a little branch railway that runs as far as Waterways-McMurray. The cultivated farms vanish, to be followed by forests of pine and spruce.

Frozen rivers and lakes seem to be everywhere. The skis are lowered and the plane lands with a sweep on the ice-covered Athabaska River. Under the shelter of the high walls along the riverbank, ice-bound steamers sleep out the winter. A growing pile of empty oil drums testifies to the traffic in this lonely country at the crossroads of the North. From here, planes will scatter in all directions. Some will go easterly to the gold mines of Lake Athabaska, some northwest following the fur-trading posts on the Mackenzie River, and others, like ourselves, due north to the gold and radium mines on Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes.

Port Radium, a town of several hundred people is perched on the side of a cliff at the water's edge—a huddle of buildings covered with tarpaper or corrugated tin, built on several levels connected with each other by stairways up the side of the rock. Besides the mine itself, there are bunkhouses, a cookhouse, a recreation hall, a small hospital, and a radio station. It is not a prepossessing looking place, but it is a fairly typical mining town.

Radium-Bearing Mineral

In 1930, Port Radium was a vision in the eyes of a few men. Gilbert Labine had been a successful explorer and prospector for many years. His search for precious minerals took him into the Northwest Territories. People laughed at him. The idea of mining in the Arctic Circle seemed preposterous. He persevered however and on the shores of Great Bear Lake he found a cliff containing many metals. Running through it were several veins of the highest quality pitchblende—that fabulous mineral from which Madame Curie extracted radium.

Once well established Labine resorted to water transportation. The Mackenzie River had long been a summer highway for freight boats. Great Bear Lake could be used, and with a few portages, it was possible to get the large sacks of pitchblende to the railroad at Waterways McMurray. Staple foods could be brought north by boat in summer, to be supplemented by regular air service for fresh eggs, fruits and vegetables. Even with these economies, transportation costs run slightly less than half a million dollars a year.

tences, he committed us all to God, and prayed that His blessing would come to all this most sacred season of the year. Hearty goodnights and Merry Christmases, then we clambered aboard our chariot again and, with many a farewell "God Bless you!" we glided down the hill, serene in the consciousness of having done our duty, and brought the significance of the season to the minds of hundreds of folk.

Serenading in South Africa

(Continued from page 20)

On we went, from stand to stand, not stamping our feet or fingering our ears to keep the blood circulating, but loling back in our "war chariot" in shameful ease. No need to flock into the corner-store to thaw out our instruments over the red-hot stove, and to bring back life to our numbed feet and noses. It was an ideal night—not too warm, and we could scarcely have been more comfortable. But the main thing is, the purpose of our venturing forth was accomplished—we might not have been enduring hardness like good soldiers, as our comrades in colder climes, but we were doing, in a different way, the self-same work—publishing the news of the coming of the Christ-Child into a gloomy world—a message that rang with hope and joy, our instruments echoing the glad refrain.

A scene of anticipation now made itself felt among the little group, and I caught references to a well-known Christian figure in Cape Town, and I gathered we were to be entertained. But it was half-past nine before we drew up at a pretty bungalow clinging to the side of a hill, its windows ablaze with light, and glimpses of a merry company within. We piled out of the truck, flexing cramped limbs, and filed into the house, a hearty handshake and smile

greeting each one as we did so. Mr. and Mrs. Compton (we'll call them that) were staunch friends of the Army, and they looked forward every year to demonstrating their love in this little way at Christmas time—quite apart from their generosity all through the year shown in other ways.

"It's good to see you out reminding people of the true meaning of Christmas," said Mr. Compton, in his hearty tones, "now just moisten your parched throats with some of Ma's real homemade lemonade." Sparkling glasses stood on the table, each complete with straw and cube of ice, while plates of Christmas cake completed the lay-out.

Tongues were loosened in the atmosphere of geniality, and floods of reminiscences, mostly of a Christmas character, were poured out. Our jolly host had a fund of recollections. "I remember when your Founder, William Booth, came to Africa, back in '09 or '10 wasn't it, dear? You remember, we were just married? Dear old man! How the City Hall was jammed—"

At last everyone, even the double B player, who had worked hardest of all, had had enough, and the chatter subsided. "Just a few words of prayer," said Mr. Compton and, in a few fervent sen-

CHRIST DWELT AMONG US

THIS is the Christmas Season, when we commemorate the birthday of a Babe—the coming of Jesus to Bethlehem. All Christendom rejoices, and why not? For the coming of Christ to earth is a reminder of the faithfulness of God. The birth of Jesus is one of the great foundations of our Christian faith. The Passion, Crucifixion, Death and Resurrection are all vital doctrines, but also fundamental to our faith is the Incarnation: Jesus, equal in power and glory with God the Father—Jesus, who confirmed the triune God.

He took upon Himself the garb of humanity and came to earth in the form and likeness of sinful man, and became man in the flesh. Jesus lived, moved and entered into every phase of human experience here on earth. He dwelt among us to show us the great love of the Father; to teach men the way back to the

By The
Chief
Secretary
COLONEL
WM. DRAY

*"The Word was
made flesh, and
dwelt among us."*
John 1, 14



Father; to show them how to live victorious here on earth; to show us the path and the way of Life Eternal. He was the Divine Son of God and as such He saves and redeems us.

I do like, however, to think of Jesus as a human being. He came as a babe, His mother cared for Him. He lived as a boy, much as other boys; He was taught righteousness, and was watched over by His mother and Joseph. We have every reason to believe that He worked at Himself and studied to fit Himself for life's responsibilities and obligations. It is quite evident that He made a study of the Scriptures and was well-versed in the history of the Jews. He worked as a young man, and we may properly assume that He followed the occupation of a carpenter, for He was known as a carpenter's son. He toiled, for there is indication that Joseph passed on. Possibly Jesus had to make some provision for the family, and while not in abject poverty, yet they were pinched and the family budget needed careful attention. He entered into life's responsibilities as did others.

He found His mission in life—to do the will of God. He lived a normal life for thirty years in a simple village with His friends, acquaintances and relatives; and He

had friends. He enjoyed companionship and fellowship. He enjoyed His friends at Bethany. He entered into the joys of His friends; and sorrows too, for while He attended the marriage at Cana of Galilee, He also went to the grave of Lazarus. He became tired and footsore in the common round of His mission. We find Him with the woman at the well, tired and badly-needing rest, sustenance, food and drink.

He was tempted, and while we have a record of the temptations in the wilderness, it cannot for one moment be entertained that He lived without temptation during those thirty years; for He lived with normal people and likely was severely tempted, as were others. He needed food and rest. He used His physical strength and, no doubt, He was misunderstood. He was forsaken and left alone by those who professed to love Him.

There is no experience common to man that Christ did not have to face at some time in His life. He dwelt among men and lived as they did. This is the Jesus—the human Jesus. He says in effect: "I know the road, I have trod the way. There is no experience that you have had that I have not had."

He dwelt on earth with men, and though He passed out of the sight of men, He has never left us alone. He says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In these days of stress and strain, when a man needs a friend, when he needs a guide, when he needs a helper and one who sympathizes and understands, Jesus is near at hand, and He says, "Come, take My hand, stay with Me and you will be safe."

Jesus still dwells with mankind. The comfort and blessing of the Christmas Season is that we are not alone. We do not have to struggle along just by ourselves, for He is with us. Well might the message resound again to-day, "THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, AND DWELT AMONG US."



COLONEL
WM.
DRAY



MRS. COLONEL DRAY

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

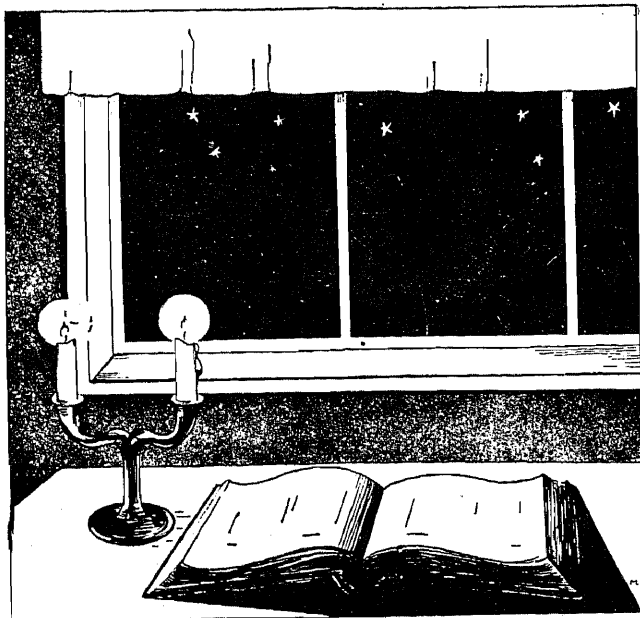
Have You Remembered The Salvation Army In Your Will?

SINCE the year 1865 The Salvation Army has demonstrated its effectiveness in dealing with human problems, distress and maladjustments, through its varied and highly-organized network of character-building activities.

The Salvation Army is legally competent to accept bequests.

Upon request, information or advice will be furnished by:

Commissioner C. Baugh, Territorial Commander, 538 Jarvis St., Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.



N A . . . THOUSAND TONGUES

“Thy Word
is a lamp
unto my feet
and a light
unto my
path.”

the fruits of their labor sent forth for widespread distribution.

These thirty years were no flash in the pan. In the 107 years between then and now 851 languages have been added to the list, surpassing the thousand mark by at least eight! An amazing record!

This, then, is the achievement we celebrate—the translation and publication of some substantial part of the Holy Scriptures in more than 1,000 languages and dialects—173 of them in Europe, 212 in Asia, 345 in Africa, 89 in the Americas, 189 in Oceania.

The numbers alone give much room for the reflection of dwellers in North America, living as we do in probably the largest homogeneous language area in the world. Most of us could hardly list fifty languages. Yet here are more than a thousand which missionary and scholarly effort have provided with some part of the Holy Scriptures.

Entire Bibles and Testaments

Let no one think this has been the adventure of putting a few verses of Scripture into as many languages as possible. On the contrary here are 179 languages with whole Bibles containing both New and Old Testaments! Here are 212 more with the entire New Testament. Here are 488 more with at least an entire Gospel, and forty-eight with some other whole book of the Bible. Many of the last two groups have more than a single book, though not an entire Testament. There are more than 880 languages that have at least one entire Gospel translated, either singly or within a Testament or a Bible.

The Word of Hope

For those who have minds to discern, this achievement outranks the whole gamut of modern invention at which we so often marvel. For implicit in it is a hope for the human race which no amount of secular learning or scientific technique can offer.

The Guiding Light

HEBER Evans, a famous Welsh preacher, once described an evangelist who travelled over dangerous roads to address a village congregation. The night was dark as he was about to leave for home, and a woman put a lighted lantern into his hands, and said, “This lamp is very old, but it will light you on your difficult journey.” Lifting up his Bible, the narrator held it aloft and cried, “Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”

Thus, when the traveller on Life's Road makes God's Word a lamp to his feet, and a light to his pathway, he ceases to wander in the dark.

(Continued from page 6)
the Fourth and Fifth Centuries; Africa joins Europe and Asia in two Coptic dialects and with the start of the Ethiopic version in the Fourth Century. In the Fourth Century also, valiant Ulfilas gave to the Goths a new alphabet and the Bible—save 1 and 2 Kings, for he thought his people warlike enough. Similarly Mesrop and Sahak gave the Armenians and the Georgians their alphabet and their Bible in the early Fifth Century.

When Languages Were Few

The missionaries Cyril and Methodius laid the foundations of written Slavonic with both alphabet and Bible in the Ninth Century. Then, after a gap of 300 years, the Twelfth Century sees the translations begun in modern European languages or their immediate ancestors. Yet less than a score are recorded before 1450.

Thus it is estimated that on the eve of the invention of printing only thirty-three languages had had any part of the Bible translated. Few common folk could read, and in spite of much manuscript copying the legible words of Scripture were rarities to the multitudes. Yet even the invention of printing did not at first greatly accelerate translation. To be sure, the first hundred years of printing saw great history-making versions of the whole Bible put into print in Latin, German, Italian, Catalan, Czech (Bohemian), Dutch, French, English, Swedish, and Danish. But even by 1800 only seventy-one languages and dialects had seen some printed portion of the Bible.

The next thirty years saw an amazing expansion. Eighty-six languages received some part of the Bible — more than in all the 1,800

years before. And sixty-six of these were languages outside of Europe. The missionary movement, with its roots watered and fertilized by the evangelical revival of the Eighteenth Century, bore this sudden burst of bloom. This was the era of great modern pioneer missionary translators, of the Serampore missionaries in India—Carey, Marshman, Ward, and their associates, with a record of New Testaments in twenty-seven languages and of whole Bibles in nine more—of Morrison in China, Henry Martyn in Persia, Adoniram Judson in Burma, John Williams in Tahiti. These were the years of the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society (1804), and the American Bible Society (1816). Through these societies translators were aided and



The Lord's Prayer in Syriac, a language that Christ knew in His days on earth.

The World Reads The War Cry



THE FIRST COPY OF THE ARMY'S WHITE-WINGED MESSENGER WAS PUBLISHED SEVENTY YEARS AGO

An artist visualizes Mr. World Citizen engrossed in reading *The War Cry*, surrounded by some of the Army's White-Winged Messengers published in other lands. Can you identify them? *The War Cry*, which William Booth founded in Britain, was first published seventy years ago in London.

A PAGE of PUZZLES

BIBLE CROSSWORD PROBLEM

(As will be noted from a perusal of Matthew 2 (verse 5) Ruth's decision bore far-reaching results; she became the ancestress of Christ. The fields near Bethlehem in which she gleaned were probably those in which the angel host appeared to the shepherds.)

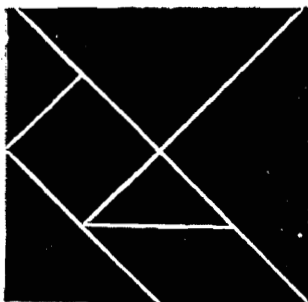
"So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter in law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of the barley harvest." Ruth 1:22.

HORIZONTAL

- 1 "went forth out of the place where she" :7
4 "In the . . . when the judges ruled" :1
8 "the name of the . . . was Elimelech" :2

- 12 Burden
13 "the woman was left of her . . . sons and her husband" :5
15 3,1416
17 Senior (abbr.)
18 "Then she kissed . . ." :9
19 "to glean unto the . . . of barley

- 6 "and they dwelled there about ten . . ." :4
7 Sorrowful
9 "and the name of his wife . . ." :2
13 "Surely we will return with . . ." :10
14 "they lifted up their voices, and . . ." :9
15 "thy . . . shall be my . . ." :16

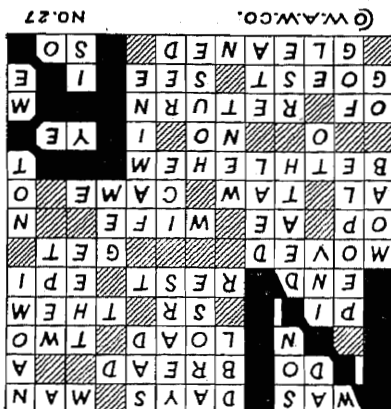


- 10 "the Lord . . . so to me, and more also" :17
11 "visited his people in giving them . . ." :6

- harvest" Ruth 2:23
21 "The Lord grant you that ye may find . . ." :9
23 "all the city was . . . about them" :19
25 Obtain
26 Observation post (abbr.)
27 Covering for the apex of a roof
27 Agricultural Engineer (abbr.)
28 "he, and his . . . and his two sons" :1
32 Short for Albert
33 Marble
35 "went until they . . . to Bethlehem" :19
36 "and they came to . . ." :22
39 Capital of Upper Egypt. Jer. 46:25
40 "why will . . . go with me" :11
41 "in the beginning . . . barley harvest" :22
43 "that she might . . . from the country of Moab" :6
7 "whither thou . . . I will go" :16
49 Look at
51 "So she . . . in the field until even" Ruth 2:17
52 ". . . Naomi returned" :22

- 20 "if ought but . . . part thee and me" :17
23 "went to sojourn in the country of . . ." :1
24 "the Lord . . . kindly with you" :8
25 Jewel
29 Frozen water
30 "there was a . . . in the land" :1
31 "Intreat me . . . to leave thee" :16
34 "I . . . out full" :21
37 "or . . . return from following after her" :16
38 "Go, return each to her mother's . . ." :8
41 King of Basham. Josh 13:12
42 Cloudiness
43 Royal Society of Edinburgh (abbr.)
44 Greek letter
45 Scarlet
46 "the Lord hath brought . . . home again empty" :21
48 Hebrew word for deity
50 "Behold, thy sister in law . . . gone back" :15

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE



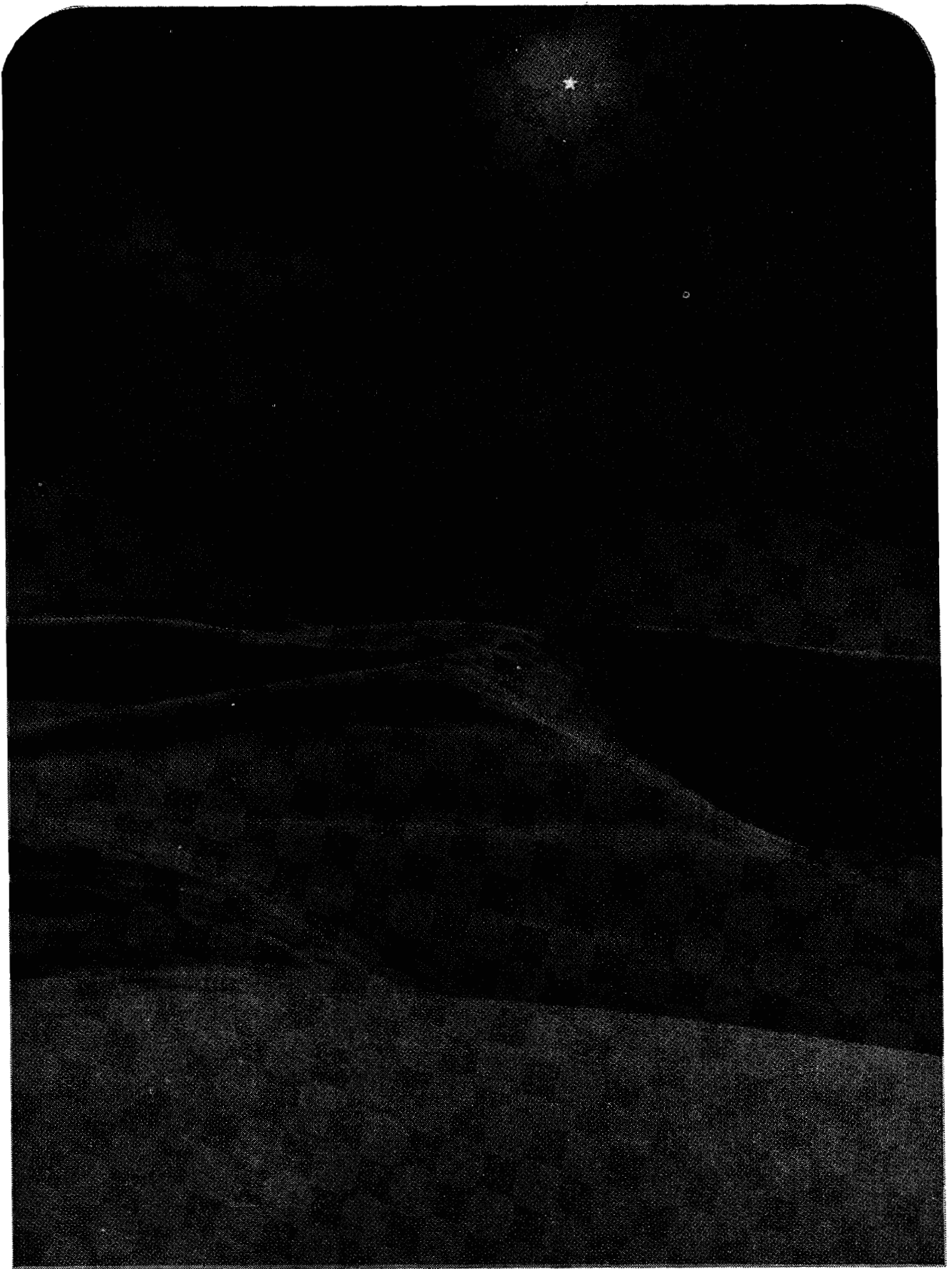
VERTICAL

- 2 Newspaper item
3 "the name of his two . . . s Mahlon and Chillon" :2
4 Double (abbr.)
5 "Then she . . . with her daughters in law" :6
16 Invoice (abbr.)

RIDDLES

- Why does Santa Claus always come down the chimney?
Because it suits (soots) him.
What is lighter than a feather, and yet no one can hold it long?

The breath.



STAR OF HOPE: "Breaks the Dawn! Flies the Night! Christ is born; Life and Light!"



"ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS"

Painting by Bouguereau

GOD'S SUPREME GIFT TO MAN

(Continued from page 3)

round His birth is to ennoble and elevate the individual, but is also to add dignity and nobility to childhood, motherhood and manhood. To approach Him as Our Redeemer, confess our need and accept His offer of life eternal through His life and death is to know that peace that passeth understanding, and be exalted to a place among the ransomed throng who surpass the music of the angelic host in a still more rapturous theme than theirs: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. 1:5.)

Christmas, dear readers, signifies the first step of a great redemption,

the last step of which must be taken by each individual for himself. Has it yet been taken by you?

'Till You Passed By A Warm-Hearted Minister

THE famous American preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, when leaving his tabernacle after an evening service, passed at the door two little urchins. It was a bitter night, and they were raggedly clothed, and selling papers to passers-by.

The great man put his hands on their heads, gave them a few coppers and said, "Poor little chaps, aren't you very cold?"

And one of them answered, "Yes, sir, we was cold, 'til you passed by."

Where Shall We Cradle Thee?

CHRIST OF HUMANITY! Where shall we cradle Thee?
Crowded are crib and bed,
Save where the beasts are fed,
There lay the lowly head,
Stranger, sky-heralded,
None else will cradle Thee!

CHRIST OF DIVINITY! Where shall we cradle Thee?
Starry Thy way and high,
Thine the unbounded sky,
How canst Thou easy lie
Unto our frailties nigh?
Where will earth cradle Thee?

CHRIST OF GETHSEMANE! Where shall we cradle Thee?
All who are dispossessed,
All of our broken rest,
All the world's worst and best
Storm Thy submissive breast,
Sadly we cradle Thee!

CHRIST OF OUR CALVARY!
Where shall we cradle Thee?
Altar and health are lain
Under the curse of Cain!
Yet, if but Thou remain,
In hearts that hope again,
Thankful, we cradle Thee!

General Albert Orsborn.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

Was Well and Truly Launched

THE house was already decorated for Christmas with green boughs and flickering candles, and the family and a guest had finished dinner and were having coffee when the strains of "Holy Night" drifted in from the street.

"It's 'The Salvation Army,'" said the host. "We'll ask them in."

His wife looked rather anxiously at all that was left of the coffee and wondered how many there were, but by this time they were on the steps and soon had trooped in with their glittering brasses and smiling faces. As they were about to play, the man of the house went to the piano, saying, "what key is that in?" Then he played an accompaniment. Everybody joined in the singing and the Christmas season was well launched.

When the Army lads and lasses left they had a five dollar bill from the host, another bill from his wife, and the guest had emptied her change purse so that other folk might have a Merry Christmas, too.

The Globe and Mail, Toronto

Bird's Christmas Dinner

Not a peasant (in Sweden) will sit down with his children to Christmas dinner indoors till he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little birds that live in the cold and snow without.

A Traveller

THE WAR CRY

"Come and Worship"

Some Famous Christmas Carols

BRIGHTEST AND BEST

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.*

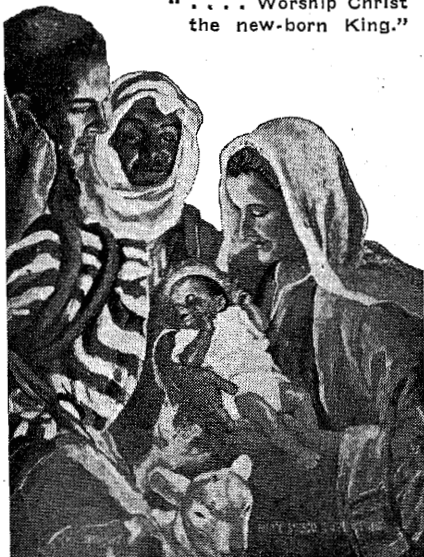
*Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.*

*Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.*

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.*

WHEN Bishop Reginald Heber wrote this fine Christian hymn nearly 150 years ago he gave it the title "Star of the East." It had its initial publication in "The Christian Observer" in 1811. It also is included in a collection of hymns

".... Worship Christ the new-born King."



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

published by Bishop Heber in 1827.

Bishop Heber is known better for others of his hymns, gems like "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," "The Son of God Goes Forth To War," and the matchless missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

He was born at Malpas, on April 21, 1783, was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took prizes for Latin and English poems, and was ordained in the Church of England in 1807. Shortly thereafter he was appointed rector of the church at Hodnet, England. He was mission-

"O morning stars together,
Proclaim the Holy Birth
And praises sing to God the King,
And Peace to men on earth."

ary Bishop at Calcutta from 1823 until his death, in 1826.

His hymns are among the most popular. They were collected and published the year after his death.



O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

THIS is a seasonal song that embodies a prose description of the original Holy Land setting with a wealth of spiritual meaning.

Written by Phillips Brooks for his Sunday School members and parishioners at Philadelphia who, in 1865, sent him abroad to travel throughout Europe and the Holy Land. After spending two weeks in Jerusalem he journeyed to "the little town of Bethlehem," Christ's birth place, and there on Christmas Eve visited the old church close to the spot where the Christ Child was born.

It was two years later, still thrilled with memories of the event, when the song and toll of bells, that had been continually singing and ringing in the soul of Phillips Brooks, found expression to enrich the Christmas season for the whole world. Many who may never be privileged to visit the "Holy Land" are carried on wings of melody to "the Little Town of Bethlehem," by Phillips Brooks' greatly loved carol.

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!



*Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.*

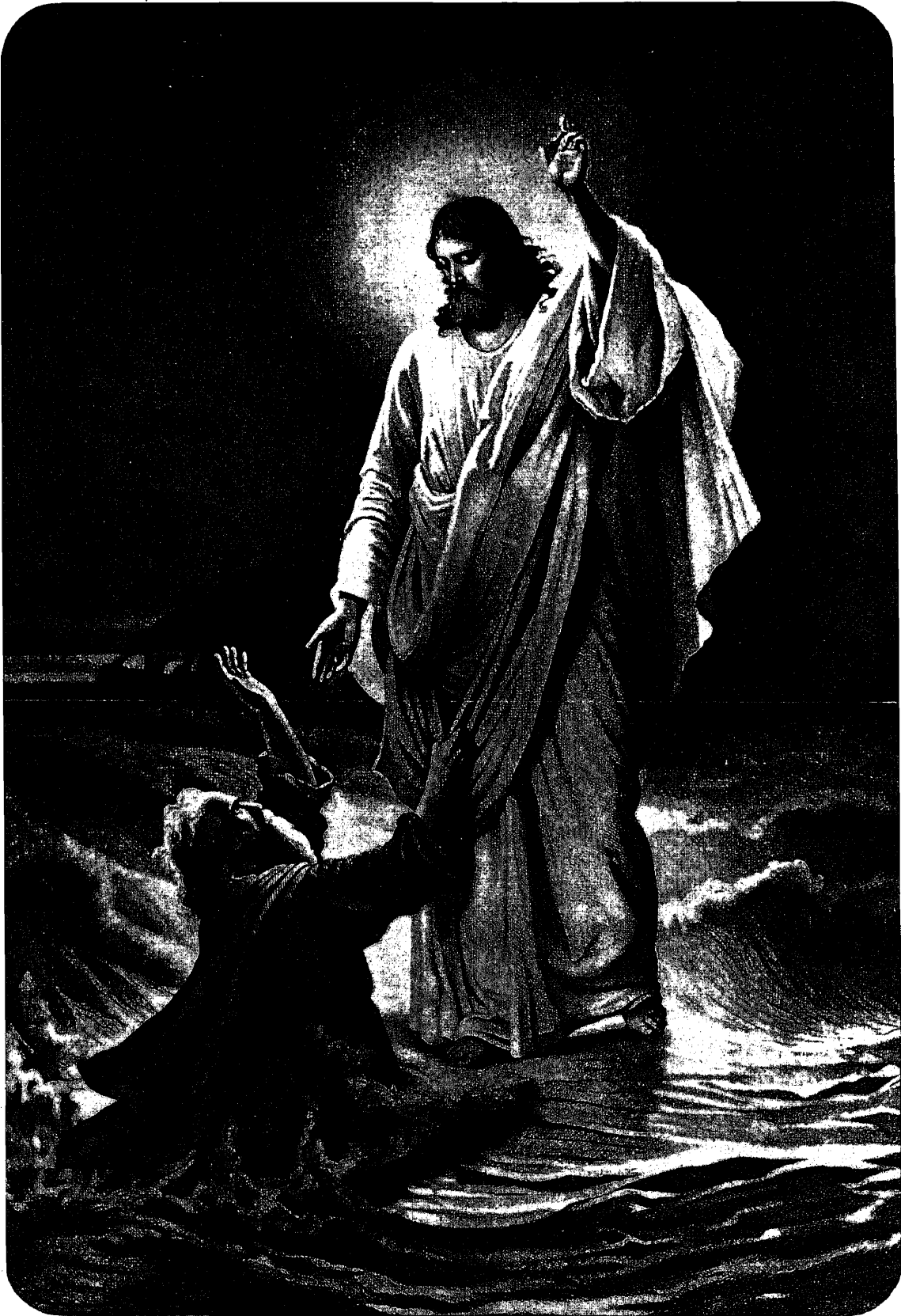
*For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.*

*How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.*

*O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel."*



The Christmas Mail Club 1949



"MASTER OF OCEAN AND EARTH AND SKIES"

Symbolical of Christ's matchless saving grace is this striking picture of the Saviour and the sinking Peter. Thank God, all may offer the disciple's simple three-word prayer, "Lord, save me" (Matthew 14:30), when the tempestuous waves of sin and sorrow threaten to engulf the soul.